

"I don't want to go to Heben. You got 'em down right mad up to go to the polish 'em an' an' de moon an' all de stars. I scrub up all dem golden streets, an' wash 'em folk's robes, an' git dew meins foh 'em. I wash 'em robes an' all de night, an' 'tote 'em back in evah moan. I wash out 'em an' an' de moon, an' stan' all angels' sass, an' exhalting. In de morn' I wash 'em robes an' all de sun up to de coal, an' set down. Don't you lubby fool you up to Heben!"

And there is more in this than meets the eye, as every reader who takes it as precisely the objection of the general run of the "submerged tenth" to being "re-

Moulogue artists who want plantation dialect to recite will find this little book treasure, and some of the speeches are not particularly effective in that regard. But the book is well illustrated with the proper intonations and expression. Altogether, Mr. Corrothers has written a clever piece of work. Men- tion should be made of the illustrations of J. K. Bryans, which are equally bright. They consist mainly of silhouette black, and very comical in shape and position, sprinkled through the text. The volume of marginal sketches. (New York: